

H. C. REESE,
117 North Water St.
May 3—d&w2m

The Weekly Republican.

Entered at the post office at Decatur, Illinois, as second class mail matter.

Mr. BLAINE will deliver an important speech at the opening of the State campaign in Maine during the first week in August.

A bill authorizing the President to appoint and retire Alfred Pleasanton as Major General was introduced in the Senate yesterday.

The will of the late Col. J. B. Folsom was probated at Warsaw, N. Y., yesterday. By its provisions Mrs. Cleveland falls heir to \$20,000.

ABOUT 3,000 Chicago Socialists attended at picnic just outside of the city limits, Sunday last, and raised \$750 to aid in the defense of the Haymarket anarchists, now on trial for their lives.

The population of the United States to-day is somewhere near 55,000,000. What it will be after the Fourth of July can be determined only approximately.

A STAMP of country twenty miles long by two miles wide around Inkster, Dakota, was pounded bare of crops by a terrible hail storm on Saturday. A Norwegian church at New Grafton was blown to kindling wood. The damage to crops is estimated at \$500,000.

FITZ JOHN PORTER is put on the retired list, and the widow of General Hunter, who presided at the court-martial that tried Porter, is denied a pension of \$50 a month. This is the kind of history that is made when the Southern Confederacy is in the saddle.

The free-trade Democrats in 1884 declared in a thousand ways that the tariff was not an issue in the election. The people in several manufacturing districts took them at their word and elected anti-free-trade Democrats to Congress. Now the free traders are attempting to read these anti-free-trade Democratic Congressmen out of the Democratic party.

The works of the Edison Electric Light Company are to be removed from near Brooklyn to Schenectady. A strike of the building trades did it. This lesson will be taught swiftly and surely: that the city where strikes occur frequently will lose manufacturing giving employment to thousands. There is no citizen who is not, directly or indirectly, affected by a strike.

UNITED STATES SENATOR CULLOM has bought a handsome lot containing 15,000 square feet on Fourteenth and Roanoke streets, Washington, about one block east of General Logan's residence, and adjoining the premises occupied by Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court. It cost \$3,000. The Senator intends to begin this Fall the erection of a \$12,000 house.

"WHAT other man, with such fearful odds against him, would have fought his way through to a vindication as courageously and unflinchingly as Fitz John Porter?" asks an admiring contemporary. The odds were certainly against Fitz John for the first twenty years, but when the Southern Confederacy got possession at Washington, the odds were suddenly on his side.

REPORTS from Cuba state that the sugar crop now about to be gathered, and which has been mostly cultivated with free labor, will probably equal that of 1873. The crop of 1873 was the largest ever made on the island with slave labor, and just before the law abolishing slavery went into effect. The crop then was about 775,000 tons.

The Carlites have started a story that the new king of Spain is not a royal baby, but the child of an Austrian woman who is now occupying commodious quarters in the palace. It is asserted that a number of women near their confinement were taken to the palace shortly before the Queen's lying-in, for the purpose of making an exchange for a boy if the royal baby proved to be a girl, and the retention of this Austrian woman is given as proof that a transfer was really made.

Death of Judge Davis.

From Saturday's Daily.

Hon. David Davis died at his home, in Bloomington, at 6 o'clock this morning, in the 72d year of his age. Judge Davis was a native of Maryland, and graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio. He soon afterwards settled in Bloomington, where he soon built up a lucrative practice. Investing his savings in land, he became a heavy owner of real estate before he had reached middle life, and as it was his policy to hold his lands he eventually became a millionaire. He was a judge of the circuit court in this state before the most of the present generation was born, and was highly esteemed by the bar and people for his judicial fairness as well as his legal ability. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and he adorned the bench of the highest tribunal in the land for a period of sixteen years, when he resigned to take a seat in the National Senate, to which he was chosen in 1877. During the last two years of his term he was president pro tem of that body, and ex officio vice president. At the close of his term he retired to his home in Bloomington, where he spent the remainder of his days in that quiet content that is the best reward of a well-spent life.

In early life Judge Davis was a Whig in politics, and became a Republican upon the organization of that party. He bore a prominent part in the convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln in 1860, and labored hard during the campaign which resulted in the election of his life-long friend. In 1872 he was prominently spoken of as a candidate for president on the Liberal Republican ticket, and though he was elected to the Senate in 1877 by a combination of Independents and Democrats he never was identified with the Democratic party, but on the contrary always had a warm feeling towards the men and measures of the great party which claimed his allegiance during the most active years of his life.

Judge Davis was twice married, his last wife being a most estimable North Carolina lady, who survives him. His first wife was a Massachusetts lady, who left two children, George Davis of Bloomington, and Mrs. Swaine, of Toledo.

Without taking rank as a profound statesman, Judge Davis was a man of note in whatever relation of life he sustained, and he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the country at large to an extent possessed by but few men.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: The President yesterday vetoed the bill giving the pension of \$50 a month to the widow of Major General Hunter. General Hunter presided over the court-martial which found Fitz John Porter guilty. The veto was entered about the same time the bill was passed reinstating Porter in the army. There may be no particular connection between these two occurrences, but the patriotic ex-Union soldiers who ask for justice from this administration can see in the events of the past few days that the party which started and sustained the rebellion is the party which runs the government just now.

It is pretty hard to speculate on the future of English politics. When the Gladstone Ministry went under on the Home Rule bill it seemed as if the tide were setting all one way; and now the Opposition is almost on the defensive. It is difficult for the man who has not kept himself informed to reason this out: yet it is the effect of two elements. There happens to be in England a big pliable vote, and there happens to be in England a man who has made this vote, who has studied it, and who knows how to control it. This is Gladstone's strength. He knows the limit of his power politically; and, knowing what he may dare, is the strongest politician in the world to-day. He is a marvel. Drink milk when you reach 60.

This is the Opinion of the Editor of this paper. Spencer, Lehman & Co. have the largest and best selected stock of Agricultural Implements in Central Illinois. They are able and willing to meet the prices of competitors, time of payment and quality of goods considered. While they will sell for cash as cheap as the cheapest, they will cheerfully give credit to responsible farmers.

LOUISVILLE Courier-Journal: Further toleration of the methods of Mr. Randall by the Democratic party means simply the abandonment of party organization. The editor of the New York Sun insists that the only hope of the party is in conciliating the protectionist. The Sun is grievously in error in all of its calculations. As shown by the vote in the House the element called free trade by the Sun has four votes to one controlled by Mr. Randall, and this element is in need of some conciliation just now. Mr. Lincoln was once disturbed by a noise in the nursery and investigated it. He found that Tad was crying for Bob's knife. "O, give it to him, Bob, to keep him quiet," said Mr. Lincoln. "No," said Bob, "I need it to keep me quiet."

St. Louis Globe Democrat: Mrs. Cleveland is afraid her husband is working too hard and thinking too much. She might suggest to him, with a view to lightening his labors, that it isn't really necessary for him to spend so much time in preparing messages to Congress for the purpose of instructing that body on the subject of legislative methods. By foregoing that sort of thing, he might not only make his work easier, but also avoid the appearance of ignorance concerning the ordinary rules of official courtesy and propriety.

The Salem (Ore.) Weekly Talk of June 17 says that in the next State Senate of that State there will be nineteen Republicans and seventeen Democrats, and that the House of Representatives will be Republican, contrary to previous reports, the Republicans having thirty-three members in the counties heard from and the Democrats twenty-six. Grant county, not yet heard from, being conceded to the Democrats, the Legislature will have on joint ballot fifty-two Republicans and thirty-eight Democrats, giving a Republican majority of fourteen votes, the same as in the Legislature last chosen.

A New York special intimates that there may be some jealousy at the bottom of the refusal of the senate committee on elections to make an investigation into the charges of bribery against Senator Payne. It is intimated, though evidently without any foundation, that Senators Logan and Everts are both interested in seeing Sherman broken down, and that they do not want to help along his boom by following his lead in unseating the boodle senator. This, of course, is mere idle speculation. It is altogether more reasonable to believe that Logan and Everts would readily consent to the most thorough investigation of the charges if they are convinced there is any foundation for them, and it is not at all unlikely that they may yet be so convinced, when the matter is brought up again before the senate.

A Union Soldier Removed to Make a Place for an Ex-Confederate. On the 20th inst. John S. Mallen, a wounded and veteran Union soldier, was discharged from the Chicago custom house, not for inefficiency nor neglect of duty, but because "his place was wanted," as he was told. He had faithfully served thirteen years in his position. The man who supplanted him is J. C. Roth, an ex-Confederate soldier, but who bears no scars. Roth, in being sworn in to serve Uncle Sam, took the "modified" oath, the first one ever filed in the Chicago custom house. Should reform grow some more, it may become the stereotyped form of oath to take. The regular oath of office which citizens who have never been disloyal must take, is called the ironclad. Mr. Roth is a clerk in the warehouse division.

Bloomington Pantagraph: The appointment of Hon. W. G. Ewing as United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois is creditable to the administration. It shows that the President had the good sense to distinguish between the different backing behind the opposing applicants for the place and to recognize the more respectable crowd. It shows furthermore that the influence of First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson is stronger with the administration than the two Democratic Congressmen from Chicago, Lawler and Ward, who were united in trying to secure the appointment of another man. It is possible also that the fact that Lawler and Ward voted against the consideration of the Morrison tariff bill, which the President strongly favored, may have tended to prejudice the case of the candidate they were urging.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Veto Mill Still at Work—Mismanagement of the Freedmen's Hospital.

The Senate Committee on Appropriations—Mr. Randall's Tariff Bill—"Gluck" for Grover—Nothing in It.

Senator Edmunds' Fences—Resigned—A New Bank—A Bill Signed—Passed Over the Veto.

The Veto Mill Still at Work. WASHINGTON, June 30.—President Cleveland yesterday sent to the Senate two veto messages, vetoing two private pension bills. On one of them, granting a pension to Newcomb Parker, the President says:

This claimant filed an application for a pension in the year 1880. Before the passage of the bill the Commissioner of Pensions, in ignorance of the action of Congress, allowed the claim under the general law. As this decision of the Pension Bureau entitles the beneficiary to draw a pension from the date of the filing of his application which, under the provisions of the special bill in his favor, would only accrue from the time of its passage. I am unwilling that one found worthy to be placed on the pension rolls by the bureau to which he properly applied should be an actual loser by reason of a special interposition of Congress in his behalf.

Of the other bill, granting a pension to John S. Kirkpatrick, the President says: "Kirkpatrick's claim is still pending before the Pension Bureau, and it is there in merit in which I do not doubt he will be able to make it apparent."

Charges Against the Management of the Freedmen's Hospital.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Charges have been prepared and will be filed at the Interior Department against the managers of the Freedmen's Hospital in this city. The charges consist, it is understood, that the food furnished patients is not such as it should be, and that there have been personal supplies bought ostensibly for the use of the hospital. These charges are based upon the statements of a number of people who have been under treatment at the institution. Similar charges have frequently been made before and have resulted in several investigations, none of which developed facts to sustain them.

The Senate Committee on Appropriations.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The Senate committee on appropriations have stricken out items in the Legislative bill providing for the pay of ten employees in the sergeant-at-arms' office of the Senate, thus reducing the force of the office by that number. The annual saving effected by the reduction is \$11,200. The pay of the public printer is made \$4,500, instead of \$4,000, as provided by the House. An item of \$21,000 to restore and repair the worn-out and defaced rolls in the Second Auditor's office is inserted.

The Randall Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Mr. Randall's tariff bill not being in print had not been formally presented to the ways and means committee when they met yesterday, and so was not considered in committee. It has, however, been informally referred to Representative Hewitt. He thinks the committee ought to report the bill adversely to the House, so that it may be placed upon the calendar. Mr. Hewitt thinks the house ought to consider the question before adjournment. There is quite a demand for the passage of Mr. Hewitt's administrative portion of the bill, and it is possible this may be divorced from the bill and passed before adjournment.

"Gluck" for Grover.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Representative Sowden, of Pennsylvania, presented to the President as a wedding present a fine steel horseshoe, which was made by John Shardt, of Allentown, Pa., and entrusted to Mr. Sowden for delivery. On one end of the shoe are the initials "G. C.", and on the other "F. F. C.". In the center is the word "Gluck," which in German means "good luck." When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for the Presidency Dr. Shardt sent a similar horseshoe to him, but the initials "F. F. C." were not on it.

Nothing in It.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Representative Scott, of Pennsylvania, who is mentioned as the probable future Secretary of the Treasury, said yesterday, after returning from a pleasure cruise with the President, that he did not expect, and he did not think anybody expected that Manning would ever resume the office. "As to the gossip about my having been offered the Secretaryship of the Treasury," said he, laughingly, "there is nothing in it."

Edmunds' Fences.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—"Now, I believe that Edmunds' fences are in danger," a shrewd observer remarked, as the bold and hoary-headed Senator left his seat to conduct a bridal pair from Vermont to the gallery. He not only escorted them to the gallery, but sat by them and chatted for quite a long time. When everything is right Mr. Edmunds does not conduct bridal pairs to the gallery, especially such an ordinary bucolic pair as he honored yesterday.

Struck a Factor "Take."

WASHINGTON, June 29.—W. E. Smith, of New York, assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to-day resigned to accept a position as attorney for the St. Paul & Manitoba Railroad Company, at an annual salary of \$10,000 per year. Governor Thompson of South Carolina has been appointed his successor.

The President Signs.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The President to-day signed the bill legalizing the incorporation of trades unions, and the bill granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Grant.

Passed Over the Veto.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The Senate has passed over the President's veto by a vote of 24 to 15 the bill to quit the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river land.

Siloam Springs, Illinois. Located on the Wabash route, near Clayton, Ill., is now open to the public. Handsomely illustrated pamphlets describing this resort will be sent free on addressing Rev. J. V. B. Flack, Siloam Springs, Ill. 30-d1w1

"The President is changed, and not unfavorably," a Washington correspondent writes. "He has the subdued yet joyful air of a man who has just 'joined the church.' His very greeting is different."

THE TRIBUNE

5 Months for 40 Cents.

A great many Republicans who are not regular readers of THE TRIBUNE will want the paper during the great campaign for a new Congress, now begun.

THE TRIBUNE will take an active part in the work of this year, and will especially advocate the election of a Congress which will represent not only the patriotism of the country but the Principle of Protection of every American interest against foreign aggression.

For the benefit of those who may want the paper during the campaign, THE WEEKLY will be sent 5 months (23 weeks) for 40 cents; THE SEMI-WEEKLY, 80 Cents.

These editions contain the best editorials of THE DAILY and the cream of the other articles generally, together with many regular features peculiar to these editions.

The greatest special feature which any paper can contain this summer for the mass of the people is

"GRANT IN PEACE."

by General ADAM BADGER, Grant's military secretary and his chosen biographer. The articles are accompanied by fine studies of important historical documents, now for the first time published, and they will give an inside and thoroughly authentic picture of Grant's career after the war.

Two other features are: (1) An entertaining story by one of the most popular and successful of American writers, B. P. ROE, entitled "In Love With His Wife," back chapters of which will be sent free to all new readers whose names are received before July 15, and (2) A series of "New Stories of the War," written in competition for cash prizes of \$250 and \$100.

THE TRIBUNE is undoubtedly the most accurate exponent and loyal advocate of Republican principles among the weekly press of New York city.

Sample copies free. Address THE TRIBUNE, NEW YORK.

June 24 w2t

In addition to the large assortment of Well-Made, Fine and medium

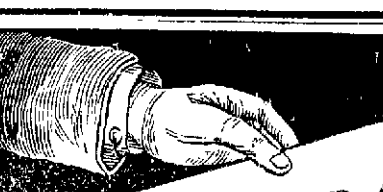
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NEW STYLES OF CHAIRS, Superfine Mattresses, AND FOLDING BEDS,

I have several dozens of BABY CARRIAGES

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PARASOLS! We offer several hundred Parasols at ONE-THIRD LESS THAN ACTUAL VALUE. Our stock embraces a very full and ELEGANT LINE, in all shades and colors. We have not the space to enumerate or describe, but the goods are in every respect the handsomest ever exhibited in Decatur. We offer our \$5.00 PARASOLS at \$3.25. \$4.00 PARASOLS at \$2.50. \$3.50 PARASOLS at \$2.00. \$3.00 PARASOLS at \$1.65. \$2.50 PARASOLS at \$1.40. \$2.00 PARASOLS at \$1.25. BIG 18 J. MORITZ & Co. CHEAP STORE

The late Judge Davis was always a great friend of newspapers, and was always ready to lend his services in their behalf. His belief in free speech and a free press was a matter of conscience, and he was ready to defend them in his seat on the bench or as a personal friend and adviser, or even—as on one occasion when he was presiding at a circuit court in an Illinois town—by mounting an improvised rostrum in the street and facing a desperate mob.

The Reeves Straw Stacker is the only machine that elevates the straw and chaff to over 20 feet in height, and first, last all the time deposits them in the centre of the stack. It is also the only successful self-stacker. Sold by Spencer, Lehman & Co. mav13 w2m

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

WHEREAS, William C. Davis, widow, of the County of Madison, State of Illinois, did on the twenty-third day of April, A. D. 1878, by her deed of trust of said date, convey to William L. Hammer, of the same county, trustee of the real estate herein after described to secure the payment, according to the tenor and effect thereof, of one certain promissory note of said William C. Davis of said date with said deed of trust for the sum of five hundred dollars, payable to the order of Henry Bishop, three years after the date thereof, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, (to-wit: On the thirty day of October of each year, until said principal sum is fully paid at the Decatur National Bank, in the city of Decatur, Illinois; which said deed of trust was duly recorded in the office of the said Madison county in book No. 30 of deeds, on page 356; And whereas, it is provided in said deed of trust, that if default be made in the payment of either of the installments or monies aforesaid, secured by said trust deed, whether for principal or interest, or of the taxes and assessments on the day or days whereon said principal or interest or said taxes and assessments, the effect shall be to make the entire sum of the principal and interest specified in said deed of trust immediately due and payable, and upon application of the legal holder of said deed of trust, to the highest bidder, and said real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the west door to the Court House in said city of Decatur, having first given notice of said sale in each issue of the newspaper published in said city for the term of thirty days before the day of said sale once in each week for four successive weeks, and where the said deed of trust was made, and to be sold on or about March 20, A. D. 1885, and one William A. Barnes was on the 17th day of March A. D. 1885, appointed by the Probate Court of said Madison county, administrator of said estate; And whereas said William A. Barnes, as such administrator, is the legal holder of said deed of trust, and is the holder of said real estate under the provisions of said deed of trust;

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the said trustee, will, on SATURDAY, the 24th day of July, A. D. 1886, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the west door to the Court House in said city of Decatur, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described premises, situate in the County of Madison aforesaid, to-wit: The west half of the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section twenty-six (26), and a lot of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section twenty-six (26), lying south and west of the R. R. the area of said lot and quarter of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section two and a half (2 1/2), and the east half of the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section twenty-six (26), containing in all fifty-five acres, all in township sixteen (16) north of range one east of the 3rd Principal Meridian, with all homestead rights, and all rights and equity of redemption or said Wm. C. Davis, to pay said note and interest, together with the costs and expenses of such sale, as by said deed of trust is provided.

The records of said Madison county show that Hickman W. Foster has some interest in said premises as mortgagee of said Wm. C. Davis, subject to said deed of trust. Decatur, Ill., June 29th, A. D. 1886. WILLIAM L. HAMMER, Trustee. June 24 w2t

Executor's Notice for Final Settlement.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. MAON COUNTY. Estate of Jonah B. Gleason. To the Heirs, Distributors and Creditors of said Estate: You are hereby notified that on Saturday, the 17th day of July, 1886, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, will present to the County Court of said Macon County, at Decatur, Illinois, for their approval, all the assets and debts as such executor, and ask the court to be discharged from any and all further duties and responsibilities connected with said estate and their administration thereof, at which time and place you may be present and assert such application, if you choose so to do. J. GEORGE L. GLEASON, Executor. (Signed) GEORGE L. GLEASON, Executor. HARRIETT J. DICKSON, Executrix. June 24 w2w

The Weekly Republican.

Entered at the post office at Decatur, Illinois as second class mail matter.

Cow was discovered at Effingham yesterday, at a depth of 1,025 feet. The vein is four and a half feet thick, and is said to be of superior quality.

INDIANAPOLIS Journal. Henry P. Keenan has rushed into print to denounce Secretary Stanton as a "treacherous, vindictive scoundrel," etc. This is quick fulfillment of the prophecy of Nast's last cartoon, where he pictures a diminutive jackass kicking the broadly based pillar of the War Secretary's memory.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is the boss vetoist. In less than sixteen months he has interposed not less than seventy four vetoes—more than any President before him made in eight years. But then Grover is running his administration upon the theory that there never before was such a wise and good President as he.

The defeat of Eden in the seventeenth district, and the failure of Scott Wike to secure the nomination in the twelfth, are both regarded as blows at the prominence of Morrison, who favored both the defeated candidates. The Waterloo statesman is certainly not as much of a power among the Illinois Democracy as he used to be.

"THE R. B. Hayes known in these parts," says a Fremont writer in the Cincinnati Post, "is a benevolent, cultured and courteous gentleman, heartily in sympathy with his neighbors, instantly ready with purse and voice to forward every wise scheme for advancing the material interests of the town." This is in answer to the sneers and slurs aimed at him.

The house, in committee of the whole, yesterday, reported an amendment to the sundry civil bill, requiring the secretary of the treasury to issue one, two and five dollar certificates on all the surplus silver dollars now in the treasury, in payment of the appropriations made in the bill, and other expenditures and obligations of the government. The amendment was reported without division.

PHILADELPHIA Press. The Frye bill authorizing the President to call a convention of American Republics passed the Senate without a dissenting vote, and although it is still in the hands of the committee on foreign relations, it has thus far evoked no word of protest from any Mugwump. The principle has not changed, but perhaps the Mugwump conscience has.

WHAT next? A proposition is pending in the United States Senate for the survey of a railway line to Asia via Alaska. Major Powell, who has charge of the United States geological survey, reports that as an engineering project it is practicable. The route from Montana northwesterly to and through Alaska, via the headwaters of the Peace and Yukon rivers to the shore of Behring Sea, is about 2,800 miles.

The United States Senate Committee on Post Offices has decided to report adversely the nomination of Clinton E. Rosette for postmaster at De Kalb, Ill., that gentleman having once printed in his paper an editorial beginning, "Imperialistic Grant is dead. None now so poor as to do him him homage. Grant is dead and we are heartily glad of it, and if there is a hell in its deepest recesses where the fires are seething with their greatest fury he will find a place, finally, with Jack Logan and Lord Conkling."

"ALL Cleveland's fault," cries a disgusted Democrat in the Review this morning, in writing of the failure of John R. Eden to secure a re-nomination for Congress. Poor Grover! Just married to a lovely young bride, it is a shame that he should not be allowed to enjoy a brief honeymoon, free from the criticisms of his own party. But the ungrateful wretches fly at him as the one great cause of whatever goes wrong with them or crosses the path way of their hopes and ambitions. Now, the republicans treat him better; it is the Democrats who thus ha-

PITTSBURG Dispatch. The manufacturing interests of the country can go on as usual, in the tolerable security that the fear of tariff tinkering is over for this Congress at least. This assurance for the future ought to add security to business operations and permit industry to resume the improving tone which was felt earlier in the season. The labor troubles, which were as great, or perhaps a greater drawback to the improvement of business, have also been generally disposed of. With the security of trade from readjustments of the tariff added to the general conviction that labor movements will henceforth recognize the necessity of conservatism, business should arise at such a rate as will restore activity, and establish a volume of operations sufficient to keep labor actively employed and well paid.

PITTSBURG Chronicle. The National Veterans' Rights Union has preferred charges against Pension Commissioner Black for flagrant violations of the civil service law. Mr. Black has been hunting for violations of law in the pension office ever since his appointment, but he has been singularly unsuccessful in finding them. The trouble was he did not look in the right direction. He looked for them under the administration of his predecessor instead of under his own. The Veterans Rights Union is on the right track, and may be able to show to Mr. Black's entire satisfaction that there really has been flagrant violations of law in the pension office.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says that evidence has been discovered showing that the notorious fraud in the Columbus tally sheet at the last election, whereby the total was changed from 208 to 508, was perpetrated in the penitentiary, the sheets being stolen from the clerk's office and carried to the prison, and into the insane ward, the purpose being to make it appear that only convicts, the insane ones at that, were testifying to the fraud, should it be discovered. Fortunately for honesty and justice, the thieves did not get the poll books, so as to change them to correspond with the altered tally sheet, and the whole scheme failed.

The prohibitionists have been loud in their demands for equal rights for women, the elective franchise and the right to hold office included, but when they had a chance to show their faith by their works they passed the woman by and nominated a man, for state superintendent—just like the wicked and corrupt old parties have been doing these many years. However, the prohibitions can contribute just as much in this way towards the election of the Democratic candidate (who will in all probability be a German beer drinker without temperance scruples of any kind), as they could have done in any event, and that seems to be their main purpose.

The Senate yesterday passed the Fitz John Porter bill by a vote of 30 yeas to 17 nays, which now goes to the President for approval. While Mr. Cleveland has been exceedingly handy with his veto in reference to bills pensioning Union soldiers, no body expects him to refuse to sign the bill restoring to the army the man who, in the opinion of Abraham Lincoln, ought to have been shot for his treachery to the cause of the Union. Verily, these are queer times.

Accidents Will Happen. In the best of families. Be prepared for them by keeping a bottle of King of Oils always at hand. It cures Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Colds, Rheumatism, the Wind Colic, and all aches and pains. Give it a trial—only 25 cents. Sold in Decatur by Dr. A. J. Stoner and W. C. Armstrong. apr 27 56 d&wlyr

So simple that a child can use them after a few moments instruction—Penny Vapor Stoves, sold by Morehouse, Wells & Co.

Embroidered Robes at Cut Prices. We show about 50 patterns in white and colors, and have cut the prices on them almost one-half.

CALL ON Spencer, Lehman & Co., when you want to make a purchase of the best Wind Engine out. It is the Iron Turbine.

The intensity of the flame is equal to ordinary stoves under Blow Pipe Pressure—Penny Vapor Stoves, sold by Morehouse, Wells & Co.

THE CIRCUIT COURT

June Term, A. D. 1886—Judge J. T. Hughes Presiding

THURSDAY, JUNE 24. Court convened at the usual hour. CHANCERY DOCKET. In the matter of the petition of Lowber Burrows, chancery, report of B. O. McKernolds, trustee, was approved.

PEOPLE'S DOCKET. People vs. Charles Staines, burglary and grand larceny. Verdict of the jury, Staines guilty, and time fixed at two years in the penitentiary. Motion entered by defendant's counsel for a new trial.

People vs. Orville B. Moore, forgery and uttering same, defendant pleaded guilty to second count. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

People vs. Henry Thompson, Jeff Bruce and Charles Leonard, riot. Each defendant released on giving \$200 security for appearance for trial.

People vs. John Brewer burglary. Trial by jury pending.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25. Court met at the usual hour. CHANCERY DOCKET. Benjamin Bristow vs. Rose Bristow, divorce. Mutually agreed that a jury may be made up from among bystanders.

Savings Fund Building Association of Decatur vs. Lucinda B. Duffee et al, foreclosure. Bill dismissed by complainant without prejudice, and leave to withdraw exhibits.

PEOPLE'S DOCKET. The People vs. John Brewer, burglary and attempt to commit burglary. Trial by jury, verdict, guilty of burglary, and term fixed at one year in the penitentiary.

People vs. John McDaniel and Charles Allen, burglary and petit larceny. Trial by jury. Case given to the jury.

A note was entered in the burglary charge against Peter Harris, and he was discharged.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25—AFTERNOON. Judge Hughes adjourned court last evening until Monday at 3 p. m., when he will call cases on the chancery docket.

NEW TRIALS REFUSED. In the \$4,000 damage case of Lawrence Leonard vs. the Natick Coal company, the motion for a new trial was overruled. Appeal prayed and allowed. Bond of \$4,000 in thirty days. Bill of exceptions in thirty days, security to be approved by clerk.

Remia Thomas et al vs. Ann Clough et al, chancery. Motion overruled; a new trial and bill dismissed at complainant's cost.

PEOPLE'S DOCKET. People vs. John McDaniel and Chas. Allen, burglary and larceny. Verdict of jury. Defendants guilty of petit larceny and not guilty as to burglary. Defendants arraigned and sentenced to county jail for ten days, and sentence suspended until further order of court.

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AT THE MARRIAGE ALTAR

Mr. T. T. Roberts and Miss Anna Jack Married this Morning

From Thursday's Daily. The marriage of Mr. T. T. Roberts and Miss Anna Jack was solemnized this bright forenoon at the home of the bride's parents, Col and Mrs Joseph Jack, No 467 West Prairie street, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and those of the groom, and a few intimate friends of the family. Relatives from Peoria, St. Louis and the eastern part of the state were in attendance, the witnesses of the interesting event numbering about forty. The ceremony occurred at 9:30 o'clock, in the parlor, the couple exchanging their vows beneath a beautiful arch of lilies. Rev. W. H. Presley, pastor of the Presbyterian church, was the officiating clergyman. The bride was attired in a beautiful gray silk, and carried a large bouquet of lovely roses. The groom appeared in conventional black. A list of the many elegant gifts to the bride are withheld from publication by request.

The company partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast, served in the dining hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with a parting salute of the legendary shoes and showers of rice, departed shortly before noon. They go by way of Chicago for an extended tour through Canada, visiting Quebec, Montreal and other cities, returning by way of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and reaching home by September, when they will be ready to receive their friends at the family home on West Main street.

The REPUBLICAN offers its blessings.

There is one Mower that the world and the rest of mankind regard as the best, and that is the celebrated Walter A. Wood Enclosed Gear Mower, which is sold exclusively by Spencer, Lehman & Company, may 13 w2m

Obsolete Wedding Fashions. The fashion of bridesmaids has gone out temporarily, and one person, generally a sister, alone accompanies the bride to the altar as her aid. The bride, attended by her father or some near friend, comes in last, after the ushers. After the mother, sister, and family have preceded her these near relatives group themselves about the altar steps. The sister, or one bridesmaid, stands near her at the altar rail, and kneels with her and the bridegroom, as also does the best man. The groom takes his bride from the hand of her father or nearest friend, who then retires and stands a little behind the bridal pair. He must be near enough to respond quickly when he hears the words, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" It is no longer the fashion to display the presents at the wedding. They are arranged in an upper room and shown to a few friends of the bride before the ceremony. Nor is it the fashion for the bride to wear any jewels. These are reserved for her first appearance as a married woman.

We carry the largest and best selected stock of Farm Machinery of any house in Central Illinois. Farmers, call and examine our stock before you make your purchases. SPENCER, LEHMAN & CO. Feb 18-wit

SPENCER, LEHMAN & CO. have exclusive agencies for the best lines of Presses and Engines may 13-w2m

Blacksmiths, Attention! We have secured the exclusive sale of the Celebrated Forgemans' White Ash Smithing Coal. It is far superior to any ever sold in this market, and costs no more than the inferior smithing coal. Try it, and be convinced. Geo. W. ENHART & Co., Decatur, Ill. June 17 wit

O yes! I have now on exhibition at my place of business, second door south of the Court House, a sample steam threshing outfit. Call and see it. I also have Road Choppers and a full line of farm machinery. apr 29 wit JESS FISHER.

CHILDREN'S School Shoes, all kinds, at Barber & Baker's. mar 19 d&wtf

New Carpets. NEW CARPETS, of the very latest productions in Brussels, Velvets and Ingrains, just received at LINN & SCRUGGS

GREAT bargains in Ladies' Machine Underwear, at Linn & Scruggs. d&w

The Champion and Myers Force Pumps are the best force pumps made. For sale by Spencer, Lehman & Co. Feb 17 d&wtf

CARPETS. The Handsomest ever shown in this market. LINN & SCRUGGS

A new lot of Women's 50-cent Kid Toe Shippers, just received, at Barber & Baker's. mar 18 d&wtf

SPRING Shawls, large and elegant assortment, at low prices. LINN & SCRUGGS d&w

Established 1860

J. MILLIKIN & CO. BANKERS

—AND— DEALERS IN EXCHANGE

MONEY TO LOAN

We have put in Safety Deposit Boxes for the use of those wishing a secure place for their Bonds, Mortgage Notes, Insurance Policies, etc. March 17, 1886-wit

SPRING, 1886!

New Arrivals of **SPRING CLOTHING** for Men, Youths, Boys and Children, at **B. STINE'S.**

If you are in want of a **PRING SUIT**, whether now or later on, we would be pleased to show you through.

We carry the **BEST-FITTING CLOTHING**, and therefore please our customers.

We have the **LARGEST STOCK** in Decatur to select from, and guarantee prices and qualities.

We buy for **CASH ONLY**, not where we can, but where we please, and therefore have advantages which any of our competitors do not possess.

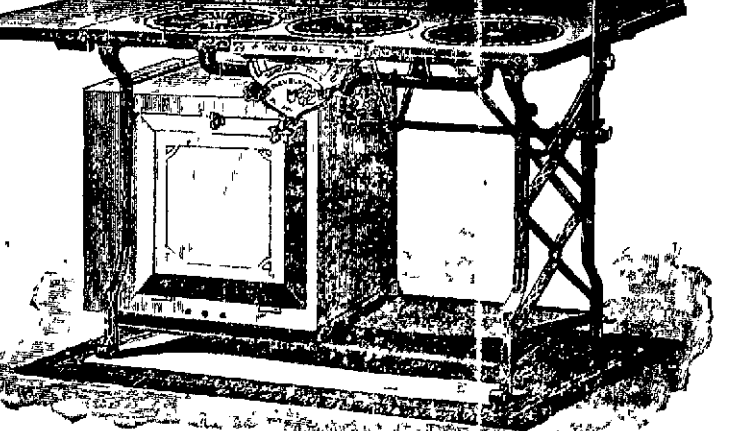
The Enterprising Live Clothier and Gents' Furnisher,

B. STINE,
Decatur, Ill.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG CO'S
No. 1 Farm Wagon, \$23.50
Every Buggy sold by the middle man has several dollars added to the first price. We have no agents, but for twelve years have dealt with the consumer. We pay freight charges both ways. If not satisfactory, warrant everyting for 4 years. Our prices only. Find out Spring Wagon at \$25.50 is same as others sold at \$35. Farm Wagon \$40. Top Buggy at \$60. Also a family sold for \$125. Our harness are all No. 1 Oak Leather. Single \$10 to \$25. Our prices illustrated catalogue free. Address W. B. PRATT, Secretary, Elkhart, Indiana.

THE NEW DAVIS.

Single Generator Vapor Stove.
SELF-LIGHTING.
Stationary Low Oven.



The Only **SELF-LIGHTING** Stove in the world. The Only **STEEL AND WROUGHT-IRON FRAME** in the world. Each orifice provided with a needle to clean it. Safety Low Feed Tank. The Most Perfect and Simple Vapor Stove ever offered to the public. Call and examine whether you want to buy or not.

SOLD ONLY BY
FERGUSON & DILLEHUNT
125 North Water Street.

Hanes, Hill, of Blue Mound, Imboden, Mayer, Perry and Wilson—12. Yelline may, Gouge, Matlock, Smith, Selwinge, Woodcock and Ward—1.

The bond of Hugh Logan, for \$500.00 with Orrin G. Bond and Joseph M. Butler as sureties was read and approved.

The following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the clerk of this board correspond with the clerk of the board of Platt county and ascertain the true status of the estate of the late John H. Hanes, claimed to be a pauper, has sustained to said Platt county and the board thereof, and report at the next meeting of this board such correspondence and facts ascertained.

C. H. GARNER,
On motion of Mr. Gouge the board adjourned.
C. F. HARDY, Clerk.

JAMES MILLIKEN Photographed.

In the New York *Financial*, one of the leading financial journals of the country, dated June 19th, appears the portraits of many prominent bankers among the

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The committee reported the claim of St. Mary's Hospital for \$38 as correct, and an order drawn upon the treasury for the amount.

Mr. Smith moved to amend by giving the printing to THE REVIEW and Republican.
Mr. Clark moved to amend by including the Herald. Motion lost.
The question being upon the amendment of-

matter over until the meeting of July next. The ayes and nays being called resulted as follows:

□ Voting aye, Batchelder, Davis, of Long Creek, Davis, of Decatur, Freeland, Freeman, Garver,

North Water St.,
DECATUR, ILL.
June 14-d&w 1m

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

FOURTH OF JULY, '63

As It Dawned for a Soldier at Gettysburg.

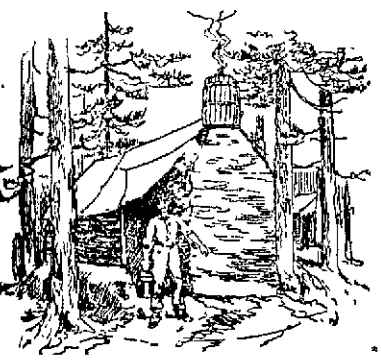
HOLDING LITTLE ROUND TOP

Military Life as Seen from the Ranks of the Army.

In Camp and On a March—Getting Out of the Wilderness—How a Soldier Feels On the Edge of a Fight—The Stage of a Battle—Green Soldiers and Seasoned Ones—Forming for the Fight.

[Most battle sketches are written from the standpoint of a commanding general or a war correspondent who saw and knew, or is supposed to have seen and known, the whole field of action. These sketches are more or less valuable contributions to history, but they do not give the civic reader a very clear idea of what war really is. The following intensely interesting sketch, written for us by Col. Charles E. Sprague, now secretary of the Union Dime Savings Institution, of New York, who served at Gettysburg in the ranks of the Forty-fourth New York regiment, tells what one soldier saw and experienced in a great battle. There is no description of grand operations in it, but as a picture of real experience in camp, on the march and on the field of battle, it is a most valuable contribution to the literature of the war.—Editor.]

Of all the homes that I have ever loved and left, the one that has made the deepest impression on my mind is a little hut of one room, about 6'x8', built of pine logs, sticks, sod, mud and canvas. It was built "by days' work"—a good many days—and the architects, builders, masons, carpenters, plumbers and sanitary engineers were two young fellows (Eugene and I, both rather of the student class than of any mechanical bent. This residence of ours was situated in the state of Virginia, county of Stafford. Nothing in that region is described by any closer geographical limit than the county. This part of "Stafford" county held more population to the square mile at the time our mansion was standing than ever before or probably ever again, since the Yankee army, as our Virginia neighbors called us, had dropped down there to stay over night, and had lived there a good many months, "off and on."



THE HOUSE.

It was a rule we soldiers learned to recognize, that if you camped down at night with strict injunctions to be ready to march on at daybreak, with advice from your officers that you'd better not waste any time in getting up comfortable shelter because this was the most temporary kind of a halt, then for a certainty, if you followed this advice, you were going to be kept right in that bivouac long enough to repent not going to work at getting comfortably housed. So after some experience, we never took any stock in assurances of brief stay; we went right to work at house building on the assumption that we should stay a month; if we marched next day no great harm was done, but if we stayed a week we were well paid for our trouble.

This was our state of mind when we halted back of Palomoth, opposite Fredericksburg, at a point on the railroad which thenceforward, possibly to this day, became known as "Stoneman's Switch." We halted at night, and bivouacked in thick pine woods, which extended for miles around. Before we left that spot for the last time that forest had disappeared; every tree had been cut, first wastefully, at shoulder height from the ground, then down to a decent stump, and then this stump was cut to the very quick. Finally we had no wood at all.

Being, as I said, aware of the long duration of supposed temporary stays in military life, this house of ours ("shanty" was the correct name in camp language) was promptly begun. In our regiment they were not so strenuous for uniformity of architecture as in some commands, and allowed scope for individuality; as long as the line of front doors was pretty straight down the company streets, we could build our shanties of size and style to suit our tastes. Certainly, Eugene and I had about the worst looking one of the settlement.

It was, first, a cellar dug the full size of the ground plan, about two feet deep. Next came a wall of split pine logs, resting on the ground and held up by stakes, carrying up the cellar wall to a height of five feet in all. Now, the roof was of canvas, made of several of the little shelter tents, fastened together and stretched over a ridge pole, which was supported by two stout uprights in front and rear. The front, or door, was also of canvas until we got our chimney built, later on. Our next step was to caulk our wall with mud. Glorious Virginia mud! The one product of which there was always enough. Plastic as butter, but tough as spruce gum when dried; for architectural purposes, admirable; for pedestrian uses, vile. We plastered our wall pretty tightly with this natural stucco, and banked up the lower edge. We ditched around our house, and conducted the waters into the company gutter. Our bed, which comprised all our furniture, being also chair, sofa and table, was our next care. It was a spring bed. We split long, straight pine saplings and laid them crosswise of the shanty on supports which held them about level with the surface of the ground. The bed was about three feet wide. Eugene and I were both slender. When sitting on the edge of the bed our feet rested against the front wall of our mansion. Here we talked; here we smoked; here we read; in pleasant weather, with our front canvas fastened back, we conversed with our neighbors, discussing every subject under heaven, and here we sat, Eugene and I, by our own fireside after the chimney was built.

Our chimney was a picturesque structure of sods. The mortar which held together these substitutes for brick was the afore-said mud. An open fireplace faced the right hand man of the two inmates who sat on the bed, and that man did the cooking from that position. Our chimney was a large one, covering more than half the front of the house and forming our front wall, vice-

canas removed. A wooden mantel defined the top of the fireplace. Above this the chimney tapered somewhat and ended in a barrel. Some of our comrades had double-barreled chimneys, but we found it hard enough to steal one barrel at a time to supply those which caught fire; total loss; no insurance. This is the biggest house which I have helped to build with my own hands, and as I get to dreaming through my past life I always work back to it; just like the house that Jack built—I guess Jack was a soldier—and what made us more attached to our shanty was that we so many times bade it good-by during the months we owned it; each time we trudged away we faced our friends across the river; they laid us out like brave fellows as they were. When we found there was no use, we drifted back, without much ceremony or order, to the old camp and went to pegging away at our regular professional work as architects. Every time we had left some of the best of the boys behind and the line grew shorter in front of the first sergeant at roll call.



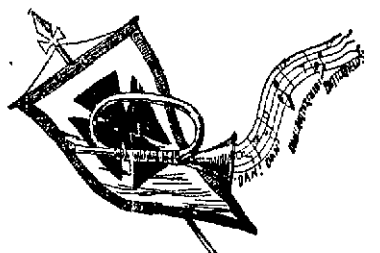
DRIVING BACK TO CAMP.

First, we went on an excursion to Fredericksburg; things were handled badly and back we came to the old camp; Eugene and I bailed out the cellar, put up the roof and resumed housekeeping in our old dwelling. Then our corps went on a Christmas trip up the river—a failure unrecorded in history—gave it up and came back "home." Then Burnside tried it again, and this time our old friend, Virginia mud, was against us and there was an effectual "tie up" (as we new say) of pack mules, cannon and wagons. Once more the old home welcomed us and again we commenced improvements on our real estate in the very same spot.

We now looked upon ourselves as quartered there for the rest of the war. The housebuilding activity of the regiment was too great to be satisfied with the private residences in the company streets and spent itself upon a regimental church, really quite an imposing structure of logs, with seats and pulpit all complete, and well utilized, not only on Sundays, but on week day evenings with debating societies, lectures and classes. So we lived till Joe Hooker issued invitations for another picnic, an eight day one, since known as Chancellorsville. This time, we thought, surely was the last. But now we came back once more inside of the eight days, and worse used up than ever. All organization was pretty well suspended, by unanimous consent and was simply "go-as-you-please," but get to the old camp. That was a manoeuvre we had pretty well learned, and though, like such movements as "on the right, into line," it looked disorderly, yet it got there.

So in thinking over our next trip, which fetched us up at Gettysburg, no wonder I had to drift back to that shanty in Stafford county. It occurs to me that the little details of our camp life are fading away, and that they are well worth sketching for the present generation, which knows not war; for this year's voter was born after the war was over.

Once more the old shanty was dismantled to the music of that long and solemn call which every soldier knew as "Strike Tents." First the brigades bugler had given it to us, after twice repeating a preface, or heading, as it were, to his proclamation, which, to every Third brigade man seemed to chant the name of our old commander, thus:



[The picture above represents the flag of the Third brigade, First division, Fifth army corps, Dan Butterfield's old brigade, which held the Little Round Top.]

The Angel Gabriel in his musical capacity is always associated with Gen. Butterfield in the mind of any soldier of our brigade. If the bugler was not at hand, "Dan" could even sound the call himself; in fact, there were few things which a soldier of any grade ought to do, but that he could and dared. But, though his trumpeted name rallied us on many a field, he was in a higher position at this time.

Mike, the regimental bugler, next lifted his old battered copper horn to his good natured mouth, and away as a bird cut floats his little song. His overture is a different one; his musical message is addressed thus:

Forty, forty-four,
Forty, forty-four,
Strike your tents, strike your tents,
Strike your tents, strike your tents,
And good-by to the old shanty.



GEN. DAN BUTTERFIELD.

The last bugle note had ceased, and our regiment stood in line in marching order. This procedure was an unusual one when on the march, for military ceremonies on actual campaign were dispensed with as far as possible. There is a degree of elasticity about military formalities. If this had been a review we should first have had the companies formed and taken charge of by the captains; then the companies would have marched out into line, and the regiment when complete would have been banded over by the adjutant to the colonel, who would have then marched to the place designated by the brigade commander and reported to him; and thus, in orderly, dig-

nified, though prompt succession, we might have been built up into divisions and corps. But while we were actually on the march, this was all cut very short, and when the companies were once in ranks no more time was wasted. The leading company was marched by its captain straight to the road we were to follow, in fours (or, as we then called it, "by the flank") and the other companies struck into its wake, in order, by the shortest line and without wasting a yard of travel. The regiments swung into column in the same easy and informal way, the leading regiment picking up the others without a hitch and with no fuss.

But to-day we had not quite dropped our camp manners, and as we stood there in line we were a fair specimen of an American regiment. We stood about 300 rank and file. Few regiments had anything like the nominal strength which a regiment should have. We were a very sun-burned, hearty-looking set of fellows; we looked as if we could eat a square meal whenever we got one. In fact, we were a set of boys. The ages of our company averaged 23, and probably there were more men about 22 than of any other age. We were not punctilious about the regulations as to dress. Our regimental uniforms of semi-zouave pattern had been turned in before Chancellorsville, and we had frock coats, blouses or jacks, just as it happened; anything blue would do. In hats and cases there was also much variety—the hideous regular army cloth cap, with slanting peak, which some turned up and some turned down; every one looked worse; or the more noble French shako, with straight falling brim, or the McClellan cap, with top falling forward, that had been sent on from home or purchased when on furlough; or the army black felt, which was generally worn with the crown depressed in the center; or other varieties of black soft hats, which were worn in spite of regulations. But everyone had on his cap or hat a red Matinee cross, the badge of our division.

Some had leggings, some had not; some old bands were in favor of stuffing the trousers into the stockings and tying them there with strings. The broad shoes given out by the government and usually styled "gunboats" were the most fashionable foot wear; this was the only part of the uniform which private enterprise did not much improve upon. Only one thing about our get-up would have pleased a military critic: our guns were clean and bright. The loads carried on our shoulders also varied, and suited each man's idea of comfort at the expense of exertion. Some clung to their knapsacks—I think only one of these got to Gettysburg in our company; some kept their overcoats, but these were soon along the roadside during that hot summer, and the darkies have been wearing them ever since. The canteen, haversack, and tin can, it was difficult to dispense with; then there was a difficulty in knowing which to throw away, the rubber blanket, the woolen blanket, or the piece of shelter tent. These last, through some accidental confusion, we called "ponchos," most of us kept as many as two or three of the last group of articles, and I rather think the rubber was the most popular.

The Confederates greatly avoided the "Yankee gum blankets," and the officers could always get them to change very willingly if there were any likely to be had. Some few frying pans were retained, not a handy thing to carry, but a mighty handy implement to have at night. I know one man who stuck to his pan, but never had the trouble to carry it himself. Tom would carry it till noon every day for the privilege of frying next after the supper at night; Dick and Harry would take the burden of the rest of the day for a similar occasion. So the corner of the frying pan revealed in its enjoyment in the sweat of other fellows' brows. A perfect capitalist, but he had had the nerve to go in on the ground floor and develop the enterprise.

In our own little partnership Eugene carried the most of the grub and I most of the shelter, and we seldom saw another. Other syndicates were formed of three, four or five men on similar terms.

We had forty rounds of cartridges besides, and these we never used to throw away. A man always kept his cartridges, somehow. They were of paper, and though the tactics told us to bite them, we always broke them with our fingers at the muzzle and poured in the powder. The days of breech loaders had not yet fully come, and we used the clumsy ramrod. But if we felt the ball slide down easily, we knew that a smart bang of the butt on the ground would do the ramming just as well.

When our colonel had called us to attention, he sat on his horse a moment perfectly still, but with his eyes gravely scrutinizing our ranks from right to left; then, quickly braiding himself, rang out in his clear tenor voice the few commands which put us in motion on a journey of which no one knew the end.

And now we swung along the rough Virginia roads in route step. There is very little nonsense, talk or skylarking. We have long since got beyond that stage of our education and don't waste any strength in those ways. We keep approximately in our fours, but very loosely. Our "guns" slant over our right or left shoulder. We might "sling" them by the leather strap, but I have seldom seen that done. Apparently the weight is easier carried on the shoulder, where a slight shifting creates the muscles. The officers interfere very little with us and command as little as possible. They want their breath, too, for other purposes, and understand that too much fuss, meddling won't go down with us. Not that we should openly "kick," but the officer would find that he was thus losing his hold on the men.

To-day our regiment leads the brigade and our brigade leads the division. To-morrow we drop back to the rear, and then gradually work up to the head again. This alternation equalizes the difficulties of marching. The beat of the column has the easiest time of it. When the roads are bad the column gets "strung out." The head of the column is halted and enjoys a square rest of fifteen minutes, while the rest are getting closed up, and the last regiment just gets to its proper distance in time to start again.

One of the lessons of the march is to lie down at every chance. The green soldier will stand in his tracks because he thinks the stoppage is merely a "jam" and that it won't be worth while to get down and get right up again. But the seasoned marcher will go for the roadside like a shot, and drop; and if it gives him thirty seconds' rest he'll rest he gets up lighter and fresher. About eight hours a day was enough of this kind of thing, and that was usually divided into equal stretches morning and evening. There was a good deal of straggling, and not much notice taken of it. It was of two kinds—the weary or lazy, who could not or would not keep up, and gradually dropped back, and the independent spirits who occasionally preferred the freedom of the woods and the side roads to the monotony of the column. "Coffee boiling" or "coffee cooling" was our name for these erratic excursions. The coffee coolers usually turned up at night, because it was not very safe to get too far from the troops.

Coffee was a great sustainer—the prime necessity at every halt. The most approved way of boiling was by suspending the cup by its bail at the end of a stick, and thus, as it were, fishing for coffee. This was found a great improvement over balancing your

cup on an unsteady stick of wood, which was likely to give way just at the critical moment of the boil, and demonstrate that hot coffee will put out a fire just as soon as cold water.



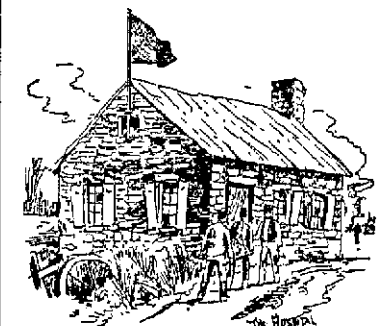
BOILING COFFEE.

As to our fires, I can't remember how it was that we always had matches. I suppose we got them from the sutler. But wood was abundantly supplied, at least for a short stay. The Virginians had a custom, worthy from our point of view, of the highest commendation. They had lavishly piled all over their land, in the form of zigzag fences, the most elegant rails of hard wood; as fences they were neither useful nor ornamental; as firewood, they were superb. When we had finally halted for the night, it was a race for the most eligible fence. I have chased a vanishing fence for some distance, at the best speed of my long legs, and could not catch up with its melting length. No matter how wet the rail, the wood just below the surface was dry and seasoned, and we had men, expert fire fighters, who would build up a cheerful blaze in the middle of a plowed field in a pouring rain, with some fence rails and one match.



CHASING A FENCE.

Luckily we did not have much rain, as we trudged northward. It is a very close thing between Virginia mud and Virginia dust, but I think I prefer the latter. So we pushed along pretty steadily, though Lee, away off at the left, certainly got ahead of us, which was a good thing in the end. One day was like another, except that little diversity as resulted from a fight at Aldie, where we took a hand with the cavalry. As we began to make four or five crossings of Goose run every day, we knew we were approaching the Potomac. We crossed at Edwards Ferry, where the water was clear as Lake George. We halted and rested a few days at Frederick on a beautiful farm, where the milk house was built over the most wonderful spring I had ever seen, which bubbled out in a stream as large as a barrel. Here we heard that Hooker's place had been given to our own Meade, whom we knew as a resolute, though not a kindly, man; not a man like "Charley Griffin," whom we could like, though equally resolute, because he really liked us.



Again we heard the old familiar sound of "Dan—Dan—Dan—Butterfield—Butterfield" with his call for us to break up our camp on the noble Maryland farm, and once more march—northward still. Cherries were now ripe and we ate all we could hold. I have no doubt the acid fruit did us good on the whole, though some of us got badly doubled up. We felt in good spirits too; we knew that we were going to fight, but somehow we felt that it was going to be a different affair from the bucking against their fortifications which we had tried so many times. We talked it over and concluded the fight was going to be something like Antietam. The very atmosphere, the looks of the people and the beautiful country as we went through Maryland reminded us of our home in the north, and as we drew near the border, we had wonderful fancies of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line, where most of us had not been for two years. We pictured it as an earthly paradise.



THE COLONEL BEFORE HIS LAST FIGHT.

When we reached the line, something unusual occurred. We were brought to attention; the colors, which always were covered with cases, were taken out, the drummers and fifers played, "Anty You Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness?" while we marched steadily in the "cadenced step" across the border into a free state. This made a good deal of impression on us, somewhat weakened afterward by finding that, as to wood and water, we were not so free as before.

We were now in the last days of June. On the first day of July we made our biggest march—thirty odd miles from sun to sun. That day we found that there were two kinds of people in Pennsylvania, and that only one kind were "like our own folks," as we said. In the afternoon we heard firing away off ahead, and rumors reached us of fighting in front. By this time there was a settled conviction in the ranks that there would be a big fight near Gettysburg.

That night we halted at midnight. The colonel commanding the brigade (it was the last fight for him) sat on his horse close to a tree, at whose foot Eugene and I had rolled

ourselves up, utterly exhausted. Mike, the bugler, was finishing his go-to-bed call of "tattoo," and that color was the most intense disagreeable remark I ever heard. I resolved to defy discipline and sleep as long as I liked, but when morning came I got up with the rest.

The most of that day we were just on the edge of a fight, and that is the time you feel most uncomfortable. If a man ever tells you he felt just in such circumstances, you had better change the subject, as you are not getting reliable information. To hear a lot of firing a little way off, and a lot of nasty, buzzing, squeaking, whining noises let loose uncomfortably near you, and then to have to keep still and think of everything you don't want to think about, with no chances to blaze away in return, is not so much maddening as sickening. I know I didn't like it a bit, and would have been glad to be excused. Any man, if he once gets where the shooting isn't all one-sided, can stay; he is generally too much interested to think about going.

This day at Gettysburg, I did not feel the state of mind as usual, because I was too sleepy. Every little while, as we lay down in various places, I took a snooze. Perhaps I was saved a great deal of anguish this way, and perhaps Col. Vincent did us a good turn in ordering that very early reveille. Certainly I would rather feel sleepy than scared.

Along in the afternoon, things seemed to thicken up. They had our regiment in close column by division, and all the other regiments in the corps seemed to be formed in the same way, and these masses to be in a pretty compact line. I remember that the regulars (who constituted the bulk of the Second division) lay on our left in the same formation; that I saw the Hundred and Forty-sixth New York, of that same division, in their singular light blue and yellow uniform, coming up in place with the others, and noticed a college friend at the head of his company. As I remember, we were on pretty high ground, with higher still in front, and back on the plain came a long slender ribbon of infantry. The corps flag at the head with its Greek cross, told that this was the Sixth corps, who were finishing a tremendous march, such as we had made the day before.

But now our old brigade call of "Dan! Dan! Dan! Butterfield! Butterfield!" rang out in such an emphatic way as I never heard before, and brought us instantly to our feet. It was the last time I ever heard it in use. It seemed hardly a minute before we were marching off. We weren't told that we were going to hold the Little Round Top, but that was our mission. Some staff officer seemed to be riding ahead and showing the way, and a battery was plunging up at the most reckless manner I ever saw, at least one wheel in the air all the while, while we double-quickened up at our best speed.

It is queer how in such a moment of excitement your mind is busy with some absurdly trifling thought, and how plainly you remember this afterward. At Fredericksburg we were under a very warm confiding fire, and the captain of Company B reported the fact to the major. Mr. Hughes ran like this: "Enfilading! Never heard that word pronounced, though I have read it all my life. Now, first time I hear it, I am enfiladed. Practical example, like Squiers' teaching at Douthett's Hall." Another time, at Chancellorsville, I was listening, during that heavy artillery fire, to some little birds, whose high treble notes did not seem to be in the least interfered with by the deeper tones.

I noticed several things, as we ran along. One was a cannon ball which looked as if it was passing just in front of our alert little major's face—just above his horse's ears. It seemed—probably was—further off. He must have dismounted soon for I did not see any horses after that. Another thing I noticed was a fox—the only wild one I ever saw at large; the little fellow must have been so frightened by an exploding shell, or something, as to lose all fear of men, and he ran almost under our feet.

On the way up, but before we got far, there was an old stone house, over which was the red flag. I recollect calling out: "Boys, there's a hospital; we'd better remember the way back to it." As a punishment, perhaps, for my prophecy of evil, I was the only one of the company who got there; but still it was a good thing to know. Pretty soon we went through the woods, and as we came out there stood our old friends of the Sixteenth Michigan, who seemed to be just getting into a very scrambling sort of line, but we knew that it was there to stay.

We heard the command, up at the head of our regiment: "On the right by file into line. March!" Now, though we did not by any means go through the motions of that very complex movement as we had learned it when drilling, yet it told us just about where the colonel wanted to place us, and we got there with a rush. The command was not to be executed literally, but it was a graphic indication of our intended position. If any one thinks that drill is of no use because it can't be used in a fight, let him imagine in what words he would explain off-hand to a procession of citizens, four abreast, how he wanted them to get "on the right" into line.

The principal feature of the ground there was rocks. Not what they term rocks in prairie states, where a rock is the size that a small boy can throw, but what would have been recognized even in Vermont's rocks—weighing half a ton or more. These were elegant things—got behind and shot over; we appreciated them fully, for we always had to scoop up our own protection, and never had had ready-made works; ours were custom-made.

The ground in front of us ran steeply down and was full of rocks and trees. It would have been a considerable exertion for a fat man to come up without opposition. Almost the instant our company got behind the rocks some one said, "There they come," and just for a half second I could see "them" dodging zig-zag among the trees down the hill. I never saw them again distinctly, for instantly we began to fire. There was no order to do so—there seldom is, on the contrary I heard the colonel yelling, "Cease firing!" and Mike repeating it with his bugle. It reminded me of the birds at Chancellorsville—and we did not heed it any more than we should the birds. It was lengthy, bang, bang into the smoke ahead of us and rip, zip, quick just over our heads. The latter sounds were from the Johnnies' bullets, and very likely ours went over their heads, too. Once in a while they would get very close and a red star of flame would jump right out of the smoke at every discharge. These times they would be pretty apt to hit some of our boys.

As I was kneeling down and loading, one of our boys, partly in front of me, got a bullet through both legs—so I knew afterward, for he died in the hospital near me. My mother, after doing this work, struck me on the inside of the leg without cutting my trousers, and I saw it drop. It must have been spent by crushing through his two legs. I thought how I wished I had time to pick it up as a souvenir. A week or two after, when next undressed, I was reminded of this ball by finding quite a big bruise on my leg.

I don't think any one was afraid now, or cared for anything but getting rid of his cartridges. We were not good marksmen; I suppose if we had been we should have

been more deliberate and should have made less smoke and done more execution. Target practice had been very little attended to. I don't know how long it was before they got me. I know we did not budged from our general position, though many were killed in their tracks. I can't remember seeing any one go away wounded. As one of those red flashes came out of the smoke I felt some one poke me very hard, jab me, in fact, on the left shoulder with a big stick; from the end of the stick spread in every direction needlespricks, like an electric battery. That's the way it felt; the fact was a rifle ball had bored through me. I did not exactly realize what had happened; I was not knocked over, my gun was still in my right hand; I did not understand it yet. I looked at my shoulder and saw a hole in the jacket, knowing that no hole had been there a little before it dawned at last upon my stupidity that it was his. It seems as queer to a man that he should be struck; so very natural that it should be some one else. As soon as I saw the hole in front I twisted my head around to see if there was another behind, for my relief there was one. I had a great dread of a ball in me which would have to be extracted.



LOOKING FOR THE BULLET HOLE.

So I found myself a wounded man before I knew it. My next reflection was that it hadn't hurt much. One tooth-pulling is worse than a dozen shootings like that.

Now I laid down my gun and resolved to retire. We were not at the crest of the hill, but a little down; so in going back I had to go up a little. Here the rip-zip noises were a good deal thicker than where I had been; these were the same balls that went over our heads.

I saw one of our officers, and pointed to the hole in my coat as an excuse for my leaving the entertainment. The excuse seemed acceptable.

As I got over the crest of the hill the bullets did not annoy me any more. I had obliged to the left in retreating, having the instant to find that hospital flag. So I passed behind part of the Sixteenth again, and had my last glimpse of Col. Vincent. The Sixteenth seemed to have fallen back, but in an orderly way, so that I supposed it was by command.

As I went on my arm was very awkward. It hung straight down and was very heavy. I was like a young mother with her first baby and did not know how to carry it. I had to walk slowly and felt very tired. Probably I had bled a good deal. Away back behind a tree I found a soldier; he was on the opposite side of the tree to the shooting and appeared to have a chill. As he seemed to have his canteen full of water I lay down by him and told him to pour it on my shoulder. He obeyed with alacrity; perhaps he was relieved at finding I did not drive him to his regiment. The water soon enabled me to get up and go on, and I went straight to the old stone house where I had seen the hospital flag; I do not think, however, I went at all by the same road that the regiment had come.



A FRIENDLY COMRADE.

As I reached the back door of the stone house some very German person seemed to me with the remark: "Oh, we ought to notice you here." Still I pushed in, assisted by an able-bodied Confederate who proved more hospitable than the host. He had stayed in our lines in order to be with a Confederate officer, Gen. Sibley, who was dying. I walked into the middle room of the house, which was the "old folks' room." In front was a parlor, the floor covered with a red and blue carpet. As I lay on the floor with my head unsupported I felt as if my neck was breaking; and when a middle-aged woman came into the room I asked her to put something under my head, but she did not seem to understand. Luckily, as I was not in good condition for confabulating, I knew enough German to say: "Etwas unter dem Kopf!" and she obligingly put some old matting under me.

The "old folks' bedtime" came rather early. Soon after the firing had ceased for the night my worthy German host and I were carried into my bedroom and laid up on their high, fat bed. In the meantime each soldier lying in the house had adapted some kind of a sound which he repeated at pretty regular intervals. I can hear some of them now as I think of it. These smothered groans, and sighs and breathings—none of them very loud, but intense—recurred often enough to be rather depressing. Soon there were added to the strange concert a snore by the old man and another, a different one, by the old woman. And so we passed the night, each repeating his own note of endurance, and the "old folks" calmly sleeping through it all. The most painful sound was the word "water." I think it must have been that Confederate general who repeated it. The clock was just as concerned as its owners and struck the hours at immensely long intervals. I heard them all, and they were the only sounds I was glad to hear that night. My elderly roommates seemed much refreshed next morning, but I did not see anything more of them, as they went down cellar, and very sensibly stayed there all the next day, which was the day of the artillery. Such a noise was made that I am not surprised that persons, especially nervous, sensitive people, should wish to avoid it. The younger woman brought me some chicken broth, or something like it, in the morning.

I dreamed another night in that old house. It quartered with surgeons and chaplains that day, until some shells exploding quite near reminded those officers of duties which called them away. After dark, as I began to dread the chorus of wounded men, distressing through the day, but far more so in the still night, I was carried away in a racking ambulance and laid down at a different place. My roof was a sagging piece of canvas which, when saturated, conducted the rain directly upon me; and if on the next morning an old chaplain who knew me had not given me a full tumbler of whisky I think the 4th of July then dawning would have been my last.

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE.